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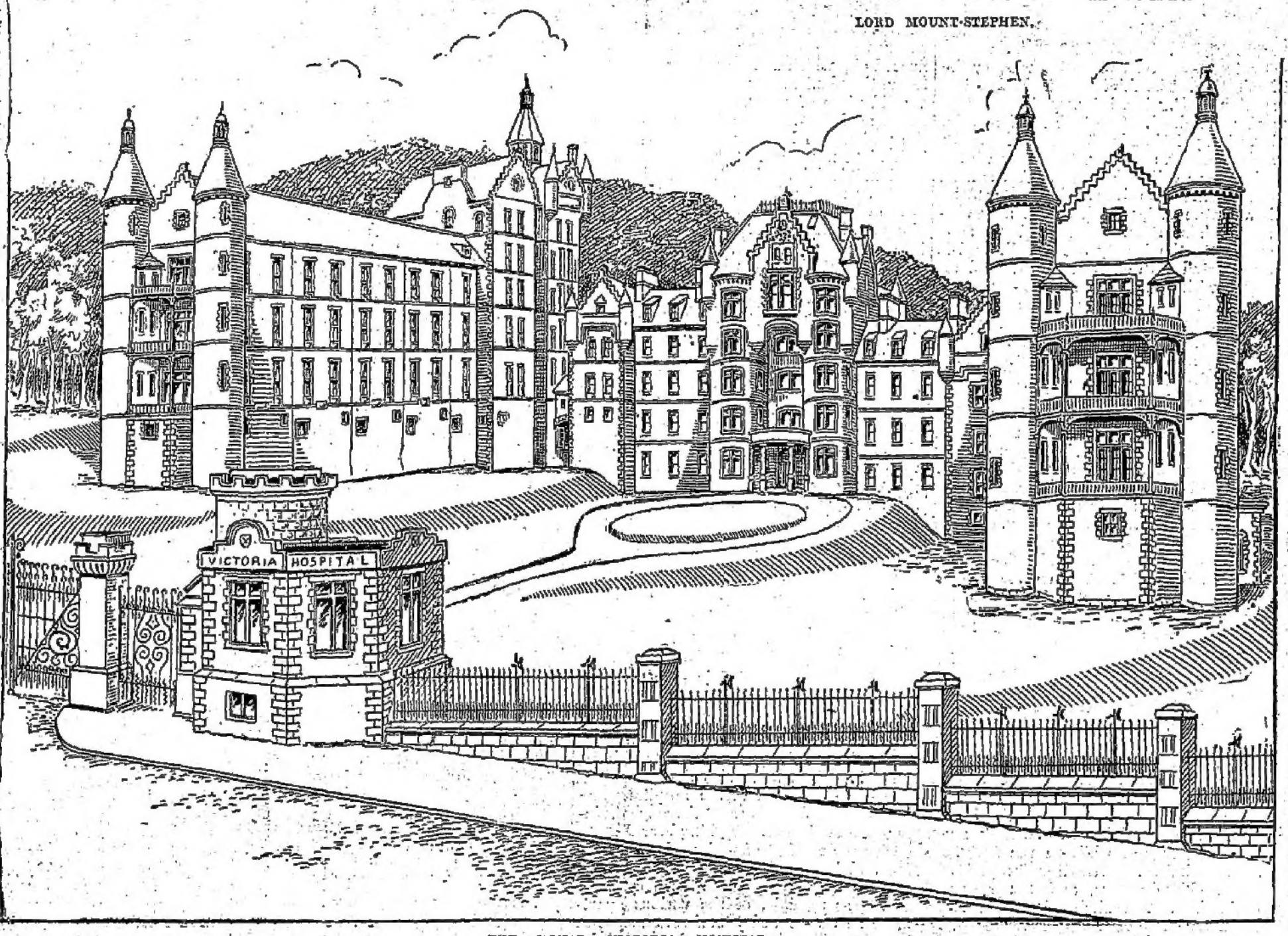
THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

Montreal's latest addition to her magnificent buildings is the Royal Victoria Hospital, donated by two of her millionnaire citizens Lord Mount-Stephen and Sir Donald Smith. Although the money was given in 1887 to commemorate the jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the greatness of the work prevented its completion until towards the close of last year. The opening ceremonies were held on the 2nd of December last when the building was declared open, by his Excellency the Governor General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen. The building was erected from designs by Mr. H. Saxon Snell, of London, England, in the best Scottish Baronial style. Situated as it is at the foot, or rather on the slope, of lovely Mount Royal, and overlooking the city and the grand St. Lawrence River, it seems destined fully to carry out the intentions of its founders —'the reception and treatment of sick and injured persons of all races and creeds without distinction.' The founders Sir Donald A. Smithand Lord Mount-Stephen, formerly Sir George Stephen, are both well known in Montreal, and, indeed, over the North American Continent, for their hard work and generous donations for the benefit of humanity. Perhaps the fact that both are Scotchmen had something to do with the architect's selecting the Scottish Baronial as the style of architecture. In 1887, the jubilee year of Queen Victoria, the two founders made known their intention of having this institution erected, and intimated that they would each give $500,000 towards its foundation. The city offered a site on the mountain-side, but this not being considered altogether suitable, and the founders, perhaps, not desiring that others should participate in their benefaction, the present site was purchased by them from the Frothingham estate for $86,000.

The buildings and grounds cover an area of twenty-three acres. For the walls, Montreal gray limestone has been used. Contracts were signed on June 18, 1890, and work was begun two days later. The building was practically completed in June, 1892, but it was then decided to make certain additions, which were not finished

LORD MOUNT-STEPHEN.



THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

SIR DONALD A. SMITH.

until the end of the year. In the construction, 200 stone-masons, 80 carpenters, 40 plasterers, 20 steam-fitters, and over 200 laborers were employed. The building itself cost $650,000, the heating, plumbing, and electric wiring $50,000 more, and fixtures, furniture, and machinery about $70,000 additional. While the building is practically in one, there are in reality three separate buildings, the wings being connected with the main structure by stone bridges. The main building will be devoted to the administrative work or the institution. The chief entrance leads into a spacious hall, wide, lofty, well ventilated, and well lighted. The floor is of marble, beautifully tiled and wainscoted. The walls are of cement, and they, together with the ceiling, are delicately tinted. At the head of the staircase leading to the upper stories is a statue of Queen Victoria, ably executed. The staircase referred to adds greatly to the beauty of the hall, and is constructed with slabs of slate bound together with iron straps in such a manner as to unite beauty with strength and at the same time preserve the fire-proof nature of the building, a matter which has been carefully attended to throughout. On the ground-floor, to the left of the main entrance, are the secretary's office and the board-room; on the right, the medical staff's room and the porter's room. On the second floor are situated the lady superintendent's apartments, the nurses' parlor, dining-rooms, and bedrooms. On the third floor access is obtained to the wings from the main edifice by means of the stone bridges. Owing to the sloping nature of the ground, this third floor in the rear is only a few feet above the level of the ground, and here is found the entrance for the patients. Near the doorway are the admission and casualty rooms, where the applicants for admission will be examined by the medical officer, and on being passed by him will be conducted either to the surgical or the medical wing, as the case may be, by means of an elevator large enough to contain a bed and other necessaries. On this floor are also to be found a large waiting-room, medical officers' mess-room, linen-room, work-room, and a few nurses' bedrooms, as also the dispensary. The fourth floor is entirely given up to the nurses, while on the fifth floor are the kitchen, and the housekeeper's and the cook's quarters, and the servants' dining-hall. The kitchen is an ideal one for a true housekeeper—44 feet long, 26 wide, and 18½ in height. It is fitted up with kitchen utensils and apparatus of the most approved fashion. On the sixth floor are the servants' quarters, and from the windows of this floor a splendid panoramic view is had.

Crossing the bridge to the east the medical wing is entered. Here are found three long wards, alike in every respect, each 123½ feet long, 26½ feet wide, and 14 feet high, and each with accommodation for thirty patients. The floors are of hard-wood, thoroughly saturated with boiled linseed oil, which fills up the crevices between the planks and makes the floor like a solid piece of wood. Above each bed hangs an improved contrivance by which the patient can be turned or raised in his bed, when necessary. The system of ventilation, it is claimed, is wellnigh perfection. Ducts at regular intervals along the side of the walls lead to a great tunnel running along the bottom of the wing, and opening into an octagonal shaft, which surrounds the smoke-stack, and which is carried up with it to the outer air. The heated air passing up the smoke-stack causes an upward current in the shaft, and thus draws the air from the wards through the ducts into the tunnel. Fresh air is supplied to the wards by ducts similar to those used for the withdrawal of the foul air. At the end of each ward is a room 12 feet long by 16 feet wide, which may be used as necessity shall dictate. The three flats of both wings are alike, with the exception that in the medical wing there is a bright, cozy children's ward, and a medical theatre fitted up with all the most improved appliances, and seated for 250 nurses and students, while in the surgical wing there are a children's ward, several female wards, and a surgical theatre on the ground-floor with accommodation for 300 students. Between the theatre and the ward is a series of rooms—the anæsthetic room, the after-recovery room, the splint room, the surgeons' private room, and the nurses' private room.

The building is heated by hot water supplied by boilers in the basement of each wing. The sanitary arrangements are considered perfect, as is also the plumbing. From the situation of the hospital there should be no difficulty as to thorough drainage. Not only has everything been done to secure the comfort of patients by all needful and improved appliances, but much attention has been given to the adornment, as far as possible, of the various apartments, so that weary sufferers may not become still more worn and wearied by gazing on bare and unsightly walls. With all the natural advantages in its favor, and all the appliances of modern science placed at the disposal of a staff of skilled physicians, and erected under the daily and personal supervision of Mr. James R. Rind, the assistant architect, the Royal Victoria Hospital of Montreal should be not only a credit to its founders, its architect, and the city, but a boon and a blessing to suffering humanity.

YOU ARE LATE.

If your society is troubled with members who uniformly come late to the meetings, let the prayer-meeting committee try a plan which is put into effective operation by the Central Presbyterian Society of Kansas city. They got a blackboard, and printed upon it in great staring letters these words: 'you are late.' As soon as the meeting is open they put the blackboard in a prominent position, so that all the new-comers may see it, as well as the members of the society. It is said that those who are tardy once are not tardy again—*Golden Rule.*

TAKING TIME.

Linger at the place of secret prayer. If you do not know just what to pray about, look to Jesus for him to give you prayer. Look to him for your prayer and your faith. After you have opened all your heart to him, take time to linger for his answer, to listen to marching orders; and should he choose not to speak, 'trust him just the same, and take time to adore him.—*Watson.*

BUT PRAYER IS NOT ALL.

We can no more pray the gospel out to China than we can pray a harvest out on a Manitoba farm. If we want the gospel to go to China we must send somebody with it. And the gospel must go not only with somebody, but inside of somebody. And one thing is sure, we cannot dedicate other people's children; and somebody's sons and daughters must be sent, if the heathen world is ever to hear of Jesus Christ.—*Dr. Herrick Johnson.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X.—MARCH 11, 1894.

JACOB AT BETHEL.—Gen. 28:10-22.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'I am with thee, and will keep thee.'—Gen. 28:15.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 27:1-21.—Isaac Deceived.
T. Gen. 27:2-10.—The Birthright Blessing.
W. Gen. 27:41-28:5.—Esau's Hatred.
Th. Gen. 28:10-22.—Jacob at Bethel.
F. John 1:43-51.—Heaven Opened.
S. Psalm 46:1-11.—The God of Jacob.
S. Psalm 121:1-8.—The Lord thy Keeper.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Pillow of Stone. vs. 10, 11.
II. The Revealing of God. vs. 12-17.
III. The Memorial of Blessing. vs. 18-22.

TIME.—B.C. 1760, or, according to others, B.C. 1780.

PLACE.—A place near Luz, about twelve miles north of Jerusalem, which Jacob named Bethel, 'the house of God.'

OPENING WORDS.

The principal recorded events between the last and this lesson are—Isaac's prosperity in Gerar and at Beersheba; Esau's marriage; Isaac's blessing of Jacob; Esau's hatred of Jacob; Jacob's departure from Beersheba for Padan-aram. Jacob travelled alone, and stopped for the night near Luz, where the events of this lesson occurred.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

10. *Beersheba*—on the southern border of Canaan. *Haran*—on a branch of the Euphrates, where the modern village of Haran stands. 12. *A ladder*—steps upward, connecting earth and heaven. 13. *To thee will I give*—the three things promised to Abraham (Gen. 12:1-3), and afterward to Isaac (Gen. 26:3, 4), are here promised to Jacob. 15. *I am with thee*—thy Guide, Guard, and Helper. 17. *Afraid*—filled with awe. *Dreadful*—holy, sacred, (Compare Isa. 6:1-7.) *Gate of heaven*—a reference to the ladder which he saw. 18. *Pillar*—as a memorial. 1 Sam. 7:12. *Poured oil*—thus setting it apart as sacred, and as a witness to his vow. 19. *Bethel*—'house of God.' 20. *If God will be with me*—or, 'because God will be with me.' 22. *Tenth*—as an acknowledgment that all comes from God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What was the cause of Esau's hatred of Jacob? What effect did it produce? Whither did Isaac send Jacob? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE PILLOW OF STONE. vs. 10, 11.—From what place did Jacob start? To what place was he going? Where did he stop? What did he do there?

II. THE REVEALING OF GOD. vs. 12-17.—What dream did Jacob have? Who stood above the ladder? What did the Lord promise Jacob? How were these promises fulfilled? What did Jacob say when he awoke? What effect did the vision have upon him? How did he express his reverence?

III. THE MEMORIAL OF BLESSING. vs. 18-22.—What did Jacob do in the morning? How did he consecrate his pillow of stone to God? What did he call the name of the place? Meaning of *Bethel*? What vow did Jacob make? What did he promise?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God is always with us, and will keep us in time of need.
2. Christ is our ladder; through him we have access to God.
3. Our vow should be, 'The Lord shall be my God.'
4. Gifts of mercy call for returns of duty.
5. Giving is a part of worship.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Where did Jacob go from Beersheba? Ans. He went to Haran.
2. How did he spend a night on the way? Ans. He slept in an open field upon a pillow of stone.
3. What did he see in a dream? Ans. A ladder from earth to heaven.
4. What did the Lord promise him? Ans. That he should be blessed and prospered, and that in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed.
5. What name did Jacob give the place? Ans. He called the name of that place Bethel, 'house of God.'

LESSON XI.—MARCH 18, 1894.

WINE A MOCKER.—Prov. 20:1-7.

A Temperance Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'—Prov. 20:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Prov. 20:1-7.—Wine a Mocker.
T. Prov. 23:29-35.—'Who hath Woe?'
W. Isa. 5:11-25.—Mighty to Drink Wine.
Th. Isa. 28:1-13.—Swallowed Up of Wine.
F. Eph. 5:1-20.—Be not Drunk with Wine.
S. Hab. 2:12-20.—Woe to the Drunkard-Maker.
S. 1 Cor. 8:1-13.—Make Not thy Brother to Offend.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Deceitfulness of Drink. v. 1.
II. The Curse of Folly. vs. 2-4.
III. The Blessing of Faithfulness. vs. 5-7.

TIME.—About B.C. 1,000: Solomon king of all Israel.

PLACE.—Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The book of Proverbs is a treasure-house of wisdom, containing many plain, practical rules for guidance in almost every duty and relation of life. The verses we are now to study have been selected as the basis for a temperance lesson, though only the first two have direct reference to that subject. But the entire passage is timely, and should be carefully noted by every scholar. 'Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.' Prov. 19:20.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Wine is a mocker*—makes men scoff at what is holy. *Strong drink is raging*—'a brawler.' The word translated *strong drink* is usually employed of any intoxicating drink not made from grapes. *Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise*—no one who is overpowered by wine is wise. Isa. 28:7. There is a German saying, 'More are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean.' 2. *The fear of a king*—the terror which a king causes. *Sinneth against his own soul*—imperils his life. 3. *To cease from strife*—to have nothing to do with contention. *Every fool will be meddling*—finds pleasure in strife. 4. *Therefore shall he beg*—the lazy man, having neglected to have his land ploughed at the proper time, will have no crop to reap when autumn comes. 5. *Counsel in the heart of man*—the thoughts and purposes hidden in his heart. *Like deep water*—hard to get. *Will draw it out*—by skilful questions and remarks. 6. *Will proclaim his own goodness*—boast of his own liberality. *A faithful man*—one true to his promises, who really practices his boasted benevolence. 7. The man who performs his duty toward God and man shall bring a blessing upon his children.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE DECEITFULNESS OF DRINK. v. 1.—What is said of wine? Of strong drink? What is meant by *strong drink*? How does the one who is deceived thereby show his lack of wisdom? What counsel does Solomon give in Prov. 23:20? What counsel and warning in Prov. 23:31, 33.

II. THE CURSE OF FOLLY. vs. 2-5.—What do we learn from verse 2? From verse 3? How does the sluggard show his folly? Wherein consists the wine-bibber's folly?

III. THE BLESSING OF FAITHFULNESS. vs. 5-7.—What is the meaning of verse 5? Explain verse 6. What are we taught in verse 7?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Wine is a mocker because it allures the weak and deceives the unwary.
2. Wine is a mocker because it brings ruin on its victims.
3. We may best guard ourselves against the mockery of wine by abstaining from all use of it.
4. Remember the wise man's caution: Look not thou upon the wine....at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What does Solomon say of wine and strong drink? Ans. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
2. What do we read in Prov. 23:21? Ans. The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.
3. What two rewards does Solomon give of the deceitfulness of wine? Ans. It promises pleasure and the gratification of the taste, but at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Prov. 23:32.
4. What do we learn from 1 Cor. 6:10? Ans. Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CRYING CHILDREN.

BY CYRUS EDSON, M.D.

The first impulse of a woman who hears a baby cry is to look for a pin. Failing to find one sticking into the little body, she supposes the infant has cramps. Indeed, it is natural and reasonable to presume that the crying indicates pain. But many a baby will cease crying at once if its attention be called to something new. This is plain proof that the crying is not always caused by physical pain. But there is no effect without a cause, and the crying of a little baby is often a symptom which, if we can read it aright, will tell us much about the baby's health.

Little children are nothing but little animals, and the cause of any act of theirs is a merely animal cause. In treating them we do not have to puzzle our brains over that 'mind diseased' which is so often a factor of gravest importance in the ailments of adult humanity.

Supposing, then, that no pin is torturing the baby and no colic is giving it pain; why does the baby cry? There is not the slightest doubt that it would not cry were it perfectly healthy.

Unfortunately for children, they inherit from their parents much more than mere life, flesh, bone and muscle. The irritable, nervous organism which is a result of this terribly stimulated modern life descends to our children. These are born nervous, and the inherited irritability of their nerves manifests itself at a time when, if they had their due of good health, they would be merely little bundles of animal processes going on silently and unconsciously.

It is of great importance that the continued crying of children should not be attributed to ill-temper or 'badness.' It is of great importance that parents or those who have charge of the babies should recognize crying for what it commonly is, namely, the symptom which points to irritability of the child's nerves. It is of great importance to recognize the evil, because we cannot otherwise take proper measures to end it.

Recognizing the evil, then, our first step should be to find out the general condition of the infant's health. It is of especial importance to ascertain whether the alimentary canal be healthy, and the natural processes of life going on properly. When the alimentary canal is clogged from any cause, or when the digestion of the baby is imperfect, there is set up a disarrangement of the nerves of the stomach, which are among the most important of the body. When they are in an irritated condition they will sympathetically affect the whole nervous system.

It is of primary importance that the blood should be in good condition. We must be careful to see that it does not become poor by the retention of particles of effete matter. To this end we must see that the liver does its work properly.

If the stomach, liver and alimentary canal are found in good order, we must, if the child still shows nervousness, search further for the cause. One of the first things to which attention should be paid is the ventilation of the room in which the baby lives or sleeps.

While a very young child demands and must have heat, its need for good air is one of the greatest. Babies are very susceptible to every cause of physical evil, and bad air is one of the commonest of them. How people can expect a baby to oxygenate its blood properly, and properly burn up the waste in rooms that I have been in, I cannot understand.

I have found infants in atmospheres that made me feel faint. I have often, when the window was thrown open, watched the child's long breaths and seen color come back to the pallid cheeks. Give the babies fresh air!

It is easy enough so to wrap a child up that it may be taken out-of-doors with perfect safety to its health, even in the coldest weather. Of course it would be folly to take the little one out in a driving rainstorm, but barring the rain, there are not many days when the open air will not do far more good than harm. The child needs change, too, and if it be only from one room to another will benefit thereby.

Special care must be taken to see that nothing like sewer gas can get into the room where the baby sleeps or lives. I would not allow a standing wash-basin, connected with a sewer or cesspool, in any nursery or sleeping-room if I could prevent it. Very young children are affected by things to which their elders may bid defiance, and too much care cannot be shown in such matters.

To preserve the health of children, especially if they be of the nervous kind, they must take all the exercise they can. As soon as a child can walk it should be allowed to play out-of-doors as much as possible. The fact that it plays in the dirt, providing the earth be dry, is of no consequence. Clothe it in such fashion that it cannot hurt the clothes, and then let it enjoy itself.

Fresh air and plenty of it; warm clothing and as soon as possible, exercise; plenty of sleep and in short, a rational sort of life and the best health attainable are the remedies for those mournful, wailing cries that try the grown people almost as much as the little ones.—*Youth's Companion.*

IMPERFECT DEVELOPMENT.

BY JOHN ELLIS, M.D.

'From nothing nothing comes.' If children are to have good teeth, bones, and muscles, they must be fed on food which contains an adequate supply of nourishment for the above structures; otherwise they are half-starved and are quite sure to be troubled in after life with decaying teeth, contracted jaws, crooked spines and legs, and delicate muscles. We have not to look far for the chief cause of the decaying teeth which often crowd the poorly-developed jaws of the rising generation.

To-day our children are fed largely upon bread, cakes, pie-crusts, and puddings, made from the finest white superfine flour which can be ground or rolled and bolted from wheat and rye. A careful analysis of these grains shows that immediately beneath the hull lies the dark portion of the kernel, which is hard, firm, and very difficult to grind or roll into a fine flour, and more or less of it is quite sure to remain in contact with the bran, and in bolting, the rest of it is mostly separated from the fine flour. Now this dark portion, thus disposed of, contains in excess the very substances required to nourish the teeth, bones, muscles, and brain,—namely, the gluten and phosphates; whereas the central or white portion of the grain contains an excess of starch which is easily pulverized, and by bolting, gives the superfine white flour. The superfine white flour is composed of an undue portion of starch, which, where in proper proportion as it exists in the grain, is useful for supplying heat and fat-producing material, but it does not contain enough teeth, bone, muscle, brain, and nerve-nourishing materials, to sustain animal life for any considerable length of time: consequently, superfine white flour will keep in barrels and bags for a long time without being disturbed by insects, worms, or must, whereas the unbolted meal will not keep for any great length or time without becoming unpleasant to the taste. Magendi, one of the ablest physiologists who have ever lived, demonstrated by experiments that animals fed exclusively upon the finest superfine flour died in a few weeks, whereas those fed on unbolted flour thrived. During the study and practice of medicine for over thirty years the worst case of scurvy I have ever seen occurred in a girl five or six years old who for some weeks would eat nothing but toast made from superfine flour bread. I only rescued her from death by requiring her mother to mix mashed potatoes with the flour from which her bread was made.

Imperfect development of the teeth, bones, muscles, brain, and nerves is the inevitable result which follows if children are fed largely on superfine white flour cooked in any form, and deformity, dyspepsia, and debility in after life. Wherever people live on unbolted wheat or rye flour or meal, they have good teeth, bones, and muscles. I well remember, when in Egypt in 1884, at Thebes, the little Arab girl who, with a vessel of water upon her head, ran over the sand, stones, rocks, and hills as we rode upon our donkeys to visit the tombs of the kings, for she had splendid teeth, sparkling eyes, and a beautiful and well-developed waist, symmetrical in form, and graceful in every movement. On a visit to the house of our Arab dragoman, or guide, to look at some curiosities which had been obtained from the tombs of the ancient Egyptians, we saw two women grinding at a mill and making the kind of flour which that young girl ate. There were two mill-stones, perhaps eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, standing in a tray, with an opening through the centre of the upper one for pouring in the grain, and at opposite sides erect handles. The women took hold of these handles and turned the upper stone around and around, and back and forth, and the flour or meal came out between the outer edges of the stones. I said to our guide, 'We have not had a bit of good bread in Egypt, for at the hotels at which we have been stopping they think that they must furnish superfine flour bread for foreigners to eat. Now, I want you to make us a loaf of bread from that flour and bring it to our hotel to-morrow and I will pay you for your trouble.' He did so, and it was the best bread we had in Egypt.

It is wonderful to see the improvement in health, development, and vitality which frequently ensues when delicate, sickly children, and even old dyspeptics, who have been living largely upon superfine flour and its products, are fed upon unbolted wheat or rye flour bread or pudding. But, if the stomach and bowels are weak from the want of proper nourishment, or if they are irritable or inflamed, then for a limited time, or until they gain strength and health from the use of this more nourishing food, it is necessary either to sift out with a coarse sieve the coarsest of the bran from the graham flour, or to obtain flour which has been ground from wheat which has been hulled before grinding, which can be had in some of our cities. If this caution is not heeded by those beginning the use of graham or unbolted flour, it will not infrequently, in the cases named above, prove too irritating at first and its use abandoned and condemned, but for strong, healthy children and adults, this flour, bran and all, is just right, as the Lord intended it.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

BLACKING AND BRUSHING.

'Mrs. Peters,' remarked Mrs. Price, after the ladies had chatted on various topics of interest for some time, 'how do you keep your shoes always looking so nice and polished? Mine will look old and rubbed in spite of all the blacking I put on; it does not last.'

'I wondered why you were observing my feet so closely,' said Mrs. Peters, smilingly, and drawing her foot under her dress. 'But I am very willing to tell all I know on the subject. An old shoe salesman told me once that to keep shoes in good condition one should use vaseline on them, applying lightly with a cloth at night, then polish off with a clean cloth. Occasionally I put on a little polish, and by giving them a dry rub night or morning, I usually keep them looking well until they are worn out.'

'I'm afraid I have so much blacking in the pores of the leather, the vaseline will not penetrate,' said Mrs. Price, looking down at her shoes.

'This same man told me,' said Mrs. Peters, 'that when blacking commences to cake on the leather, wash with plain water, no soap. Perhaps that will help yours.'

'I believe I will try it,' was Mrs. Price's conclusion.—*Standard.*

SIMPLE DISINFECTANTS.

Lime is one of the cheapest and most efficient disinfectants, combined with fresh air, sunshine and cleanliness, nothing else is needed as a purifying agent. An article in *Public Health* refers to this important matter as follows:

I wish to call attention to the means of disinfection at our disposal other than boiling. They are, the use of concentrated alkalies, caustic lime in the form of fresh whitewash, or lime water prepared after the form here reprinted for convenience, and for washing clothing, floors, etc., strong soft soap, which is a potash soap and very fatal to microbic growths. These two agents are cheap, prepared by any one, and available in country and town alike. The free use of the first upon all collections of excreta or other decaying matter, and of the last for cleansing purposes, make up a sufficient list of means for ordinary purposes, and if properly used add largely to our safety.

Lime water is the clear solution of quicklime. Take best quick-lime in lumps, put in a pail, pour on one-third as much water, cover slowly and slack till it is a fine powder or creamy fluid; one part of this to three of water will make a saturated solution. Add water in that proportion to the mixture, stir well and then pour on half a teacupful of kerosene, which will protect it from the air and preserve its strength. Use the clear solution as needed, and the semi-solid matter can be made into whitewash or thrown into vaults, cess-pool or garbage barrel. Always use soft (potash) soap for cleaning floors, furniture and the like after infectious diseases; it is a powerful disinfectant.

POOLS OF STAGNANT AIR.

There are sentences in this description, quoted from the New York *Times*, that might make a nervous person hesitate to intrust himself to a bedroom until a sanitary expert has passed upon it; but the warning is a wise one, and it is easily obeyed.

It has been proved by actual experiment that a layer of air lies against the walls, which is subject to very little movement, even when there is a strong circulation in the middle of the room. It is, therefore, important that a bed should not be placed close to the wall. If kept there during the daytime, it should be moved at least several inches out into the room at night. Alcoves and curtains should be avoided. In an alcove enclosed on three sides a lake of air forms, which may be compared to the stagnant pools often observed along the margins of rivers. A few yards away a rushing tide may be moving swiftly along, but these placid pools are unruffled by the current.

While placing the bed, especially the head of it, where it will be shielded from the strongest draught, there should still be enough motion to the air in that vicinity to insure fresh supplies constantly throughout the night. The prevailing lack of appetite for breakfast, as well as many cases of anæmia and worse diseases, are due to the breathing over and over again of the same air in restricted bedrooms, where beds are too often placed in alcoves or are shielded by curtains, which are far too seldom shaken out in the fresh air.—*Golden Rule.*

RECIPES.

STEAMED APPLES.—Pare and halve good sour apples, remove the cores, and steam over boiling water till tender. Serve with sugar and cream.

APPLE PIES.—Fill a dish two or three inches deep with apples, cored and sliced; add sugar and spices, and a little water. Cover with a nice crust and bake till the apples are done. In pies thus made there is no soggy undercrust.

GRAHAM BREAD.—To three small cupfuls of white flour sponge add a tablespoonful of molasses or sugar, half a teacup of corn meal, salt to taste, and half a pint of warm milk or water, with enough graham flour to make a stiff dough. When light, fill the baking pans half full, and when risen, bake.

PRESSED CHICKEN.—Boil two chickens till the bones drop out; remove, chop fine the meat, and season with salt, pepper, and butter, pour in enough of the liquor they were boiled in to make the meat very moist. Put in a dish and place a weight on it till cold. Nice for lunch or tea, and for travelling lunches or school lunches.

FOR BREAKFAST, stir together over the fire a tablespoonful of flour and butter till they bubble, add two gills of boiling water and one of milk, season with salt and pepper and dash of nutmeg. In this sauce cut up as many cold boiled potatoes as it will cover; when they are heated through pour all into an earthen dish, dust with bread crumbs, and a little grated cheese, brown in a hot oven, and serve.

STUFFED DATES.—This is a very nice sweetmeat to have on the luncheon table, besides being easily and cheaply made. Allow a quart of peanuts to a pound of dates. Slit the date open along the side and remove the stone, filling its place with a peanut. Press the date together and roll it in fine granulated sugar; if they are to be kept for any length of time, they should be closely packed in air-tight boxes.

HARD AND SOFT WATER IN COOKING.—Peas and beans should be boiled in soft water. If hard water must be used, add a little soda. Salt hardens soft water. For making tea, soft water is always preferred. For soup, put the meat in cold soft water, and the juices of the meat will be extracted. Where the juices should be retained, use salted boiling water.

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

I want you now to consider what is happening when two flat plates partly immersed in water are held close together. We have seen that the water rises between them. Those parts of these two plates, which have air between them and also air outside them (indicated by the letter *a* in Fig. 11), are each of them pressed equally in opposite directions by the pressure of the air, and so these parts do not tend to approach or to recede from one another. These parts again which have water on each side of each of them (as indicated by the letter *c*) are equally pressed in opposite

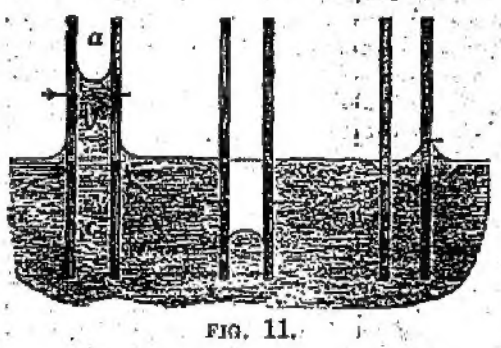


FIG. 11.

directions by the pressure of the water, and so these parts do not tend to approach or to recede from one another. But those parts of the plates (*b*) which have water between them and air outside would, you might think, be pushed apart by the water between them with a greater force than that which could be exerted by the air outside, and so you might be led to expect that on this account a pair of plates if free to move would separate at once. But such an idea though very natural is wrong, and for this reason. The water that is raised between the plates being above the general level must be under a less pressure, because, as every one knows, as you go down in water the pressure increases, and so as you go up the pressure must get less. The water then that is raised between the plates is under a less pressure than the air outside, and so, on the whole, the plates are pushed together. You can easily see that this is the case. I have two very light hollow glass beads such as are used to decorate a Christmas tree. These will float in water if one end is stopped with sealing-wax. These are both wetted by water, and so the water between them is slightly raised, for they act in the same way as the two plates, but not so powerfully. However, you will have no difficulty in seeing that the moment I leave them alone they rush together with considerable force. Now if you refer to the second figure in the diagram, which represents two plates which are neither of them wetted, I think you will see, without any explanation from me, that they should be pressed together, and this is made evident by experiment. Two other beads which have been dipped in paraffin wax so that they are neither of them wetted by water float up to one another again when separated as though they attracted each other just as the clean glass beads did.

If you again consider these two cases, you will see that a plate that is wetted tends to move towards the higher level of the liquid, whereas one that is not wetted tends to move towards the lower level, that is if the level of the liquid on the two sides

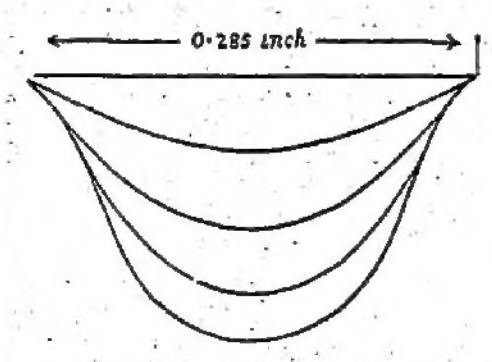


FIG. 12.

is made different by capillary action. Now suppose one plate wetted and the other not wetted, then, as the diagram imperfectly shows, the level of the liquid between the plates where it meets the non-wetted plate is higher than that outside, while where it meets the wetted plate it is lower than that outside; so each plate tends to go away from the other, as you can see now that I have one paraffined and one clean ball floating in the same water. They appear to repel one another.

You may also notice that the surface of the liquid near a wetted plate is curved, with the hollow of the curve upwards, while near a non-wetted plate the reverse is the case. That this curvature of the surface is of the first importance I can show you by a very simple experiment, which you can repeat at home as easily as the last that I have shown. I have a clean glass bead floating in water in a clean glass vessel, which is not quite full. The bead always goes to the side of the vessel. It is impossible to make it remain in the middle, it always gets to one side or the other directly. I shall now gradually add water until the level of the water is rather higher than that of the edge of the vessel. The surface is then rounded near the vessel, while it is hollow near the bead, and now the bead sails away towards the centre, and can by no possibility be made to stop near either side. With a paraffined bead the reverse is the case, as you would expect. Instead of a paraffined bead you may use a common needle, which you will find will float on water in a tumbler, if placed upon it very gently. If the tumbler is not quite full the needle will always go away from the edge, but if rather overfilled it will work up to one side, and then possibly roll over the edge; any bubbles, on the other hand, which were adhering to the glass before will, the instant that the water is above the edge of the glass, shoot away from the edge in the most sudden and surprising manner. This sudden change can be most easily seen by nearly filling the glass with water, and then gradually dipping in and taking out a cork, which will cause the level to slowly change.

So far I have given you no idea what force is exerted by this elastic skin of water. Measurements made with narrow tubes, with drops, and in other ways, all show that it is almost exactly equal to the

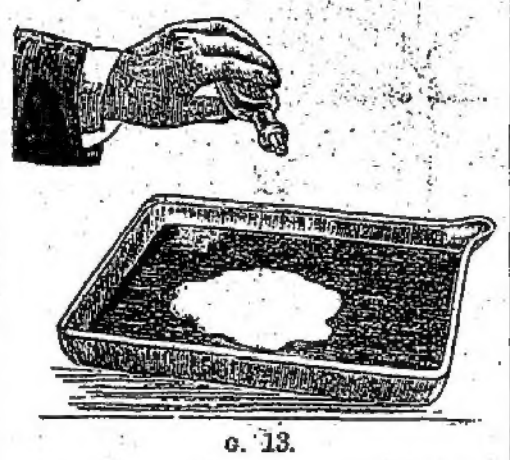


FIG. 13.

weight of three and a quarter grains to the inch We have, moreover, not yet seen whether other liquids act in the same way, and if so whether in other cases the strength of the elastic skin is the same.

You now see a second tube identical with that from which drops of water were formed, but in this case the liquid is alcohol. Now that drops are forming, you see at once that while alcohol makes drops which have a definite size and shape when they fall away, the alcohol drops are not by any means so large as the drops of water which are falling by their side. Two possible reasons might be given to explain this. Either alcohol is a heavier liquid than water, which would account for the smaller drop if the skin in each liquid had the same strength, or else if alcohol is not heavier than water its skin must be weaker than the skin of water. As a matter of fact alcohol is a lighter liquid than water, and so still more must the skin of alcohol be weaker than that of water.

We can easily put this to the test of experiment. In the game that is called the tug-of-war you know well enough which side is the strongest: it is the side which pulls the other over the line. Let us then make alcohol and water play the same game. In order that you may see the water, it is colored blue. It is lying as a shallow layer on the bottom of this white dish. At the present time the skin of the water is pulling equally in all directions, and so nothing happens; but if I pour a few drops of alcohol into the middle, then at the line which separates the alcohol from the water we have alcohol on one side pulling in, while we have water on the other side pulling out, and you see the result. The water is victorious; it rushes away in all directions, carrying a quantity of the alcohol away with it, and leaves the bottom of the dish dry (Fig 13).

This difference in the strength of the skin of alcohol and of water, or of water containing much or little alcohol, gives rise to a curious motion which you may see on the side of a wine-glass in which there is some fairly strong wine, such as port. The liquid is observed to climb up the sides of the glass, then to gather into drops, and to run down again, and this goes on for a long time. This is explained as follows:—The

FIG. 14.

thin layer of wine on the side of the glass being exposed to the air, loses its alcohol by evaporation more quickly than the wine in the glass. It therefore becomes weaker in alcohol or stronger in water than that below, and for this reason it has a stronger skin. It therefore pulls up more wine from below, and this goes on until there is so much that drops form, and it runs back again into the glass, as you now see upon the screen (Fig 14). There can be no doubt that this movement is referred to in Proverbs xxiii., 31: 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.'

If you remember that this movement only occurs with strong wine, and that it must have been known to every one at the time that these words were written, and used as a test of the strength of wine, because in those days every one drank wine, then you will agree that this explanation of the meaning of that verse is the right one. I would ask you also to consider whether it is not probable that other passages which do not now seem to convey to us any meaning whatever, may not in the same way have referred to the common knowledge and customs of the day, of which at the present time we happen to be ignorant.

Ether, in the same way, has a skin which is weaker than the skin of water. The very smallest quantity of ether on the surface of water will produce a perceptible effect. For instance, the wire frame which I left some time ago is still resting against the water-skin. The buoyancy of the glass bulb is trying to push it through, but the upward force is just not sufficient. I will however pour a few drops of ether into the glass, and simply pour the vapor upon the surface of the water (not a drop of liquid is passing over), and almost immediately sufficient ether has condensed upon the water to reduce the strength of the skin to such an extent that the frame jumps up out of the water.

There is a well-known case in which the difference between the strength of the skin of two liquids may be either a source of vexation or, if we know how to make use of it, an advantage. If you spill grease on your coat you can take it out very well with benzine. Now if you apply benzine to the grease, and then apply fresh benzine to that already there, you have this result—there is then greasy benzine on the coat to which you apply fresh benzine. It so happens that greasy benzine has a stronger skin than the pure benzine. The greasy benzine before plays at tug-of-war with pure benzine, and being stronger wins and runs away in all directions, and the more you apply benzine the more the greasy benzine runs away carrying the grease with it. But if you follow the directions on the bottle, and first make a ring of clean benzine round the grease-spot, and then apply benzine to the grease, you then have the greasy benzine running away from the pure benzine ring and heaping itself together in the middle, and escaping into the fresh rag that you apply, so that the grease is all of it removed.

There is a difference again between hot and cold grease, as you may see, when you get home, if you watch a common candle burning. Close to the flame the grease is hotter than it is near the outside. It has therefore a weaker skin, and so a perpetual circulation is kept up, and the grease runs out on the surface and back again below, carrying little specks of dust which make this movement visible, and making the candle burn regularly.

You probably know how to take out grease-stains with a hot poker and blotting-paper. Here again the same kind of action is going on.

A piece of lighted camphor floating in water is another example of movement set up by difference in the strength of the skin of water owing to the action of the camphor.

(To be Continued.)

A BORN LAWYER.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning the office was crowded with applicants—all bright, and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then arranged them all in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments, and judge from that whom he would choose.

'A certain farmer,' began the lawyer, 'was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon, he took his shotgun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire.'

'Did the barn burn?' said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued: 'And seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out.'

'Did he put it out?' said another.

'As he passed inside, the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water—'

'Did they all burn up?' said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer: 'Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire.'

'Did any one burn up?' said another.

The lawyer said: 'There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story.'

But observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: 'Now, my little man, what have you to say?'

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy, and stammered out: 'I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know.'

'You'll do,' said the lawyer; 'you are my man: you have not been switched off by a confusion and barn burning and the hired girls and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel.'—*Tact in Court.*

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
'O mother! take my hand,' said she,
'And then the dark will all be light.'

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of thee!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ONE BLOW RIGHTLY aimed with your hammer
That hits the nail well on the head,
Does more in making a building
Than a clamor that frightens the dead.
—*Ram's Horn.*

MR. W. H. HOWLAND AT HOME.

BY BERTHA M. WRIGHT, OTTAWA.

The inner life of a much-talked-of man is always of interest to the outside public, and especially the life of one whose manner of thought and expression is oftentimes incomprehensible to the world, as was Mr. W. H. Howland's.

It is always of interest to meet for the first time a person of whom you have heard much, concerning whom you have formed all kinds of opinions, against whom, possibly, you may have entertained absurd prejudices. It was a beautiful evening in July, 1886, as a party of Christian workers were returning to Toronto on the 'Chicora' from the Niagara conference for Bible study, that a friend said, 'Come, let me introduce you to Mr. Howland.' I wondered to myself 'how far in this case will the real differ from the ideal, or how nearly will the two correspond?'

To give you an idea of my first impression of Mr. Howland, I will try and record faithfully, though briefly, as best I can remember, what took place between us. We simply talked as ordinary mortals do, and I was enabled to get a far more real and true idea of what kind of a man he really was than if I had set to work deliberately to pump out certain facts and fancies. 'So you've come all the way from Ottawa,' he said, in his bright, genial way, 'for a good square meal—you dear hungry soul—I trust you were satisfied this afternoon. I do so thank God for your work' he continued, 'and though I've never before had the pleasure of meeting you, have often prayed that He would preserve you in health and strength and so fill your heart with His own love and desire for poor sin-stricken souls, and your very nature with holy fire that you will be satisfied only when lighting unlighted torches everywhere.'

For a moment he paused, then said thoughtfully, 'By the way, how old are you? I mean since you were born again? How did it happen? Tell me all about it.' At first I hesitated, no one had ever before asked me such a question, and as it was not customary to relate one's experiences in the church to which I belonged, I tried to evade the question by replying, 'Well, really, Mr. Howland, I don't remember how it happened. 'One thing I know whereas I was blind now I see.' May I ask. 'How were thine eyes opened?' 'Certainly,' he said 'I was visiting in Acton, England, at the time, about ten years ago. In the bedroom assigned me there hung upon the wall the text 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, thou art mine.' I had come upstairs after a pleasantly spent evening with conversation and laughter in which there was no thought of anything beyond this world's matters. I was careless and indifferent to the things of God. Not an atheist but a practical unbeliever, as I had no faith in any exercise of Divine will or power in mundane affairs. Never was any frame of mind so seemingly opposed to the admittance of serious thought, as I sat on the edge of the bed carelessly reviewing the events of the day. Presently my eyes caught the words of the text, but whether any special interest came at the moment of reading them I do not remember; but I do remember distinctly that neither that night nor until I came into the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, did those words pass from my mind. 'Fear not.' What had I to fear? Gradually, and unwillingly, I was forced to seek that knowledge in my Bible and on my knees. Prejudice, pride, love of the world, all operated adversely to the acceptance of the fact, that I was a poor lost sinner in God's sight, and in need of a Saviour; but thanks be to His name, He led me on until light dawned on my soul and I saw Him whom to know is life eternal.'

'"When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears, but now
I'm singing all the time."'

We were just coming into Toronto. Before us was the city with its magnificent buildings, the lake like a sea of glass reflected the rays of the setting sun, which cast a halo of glory over it all. As we stood on the deck, enraptured with the scene, some one remarked: 'I should think, Mr. Howland, that your heart would be lifted up with pride as you look out over this beautiful city, and remember that you are its chief magistrate, and the first to open its session with prayer, and to place over the throne of its Council Chamber, the text: "Unless the Lord keep the city, the watchman watcheth but in vain?" "Bless you, no,' was the characteristic reply; 'What are the empty titles of earth compared with those bestowed upon me by the King Himself—Son of God—heir to "the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." Praise His dear name: that is something worth boasting about, is it not?'

Several days later, an invitation came from Mrs. Howland—dear Mrs. Howland, whom to know is to love—to spend Saturday evening and Sunday with them in their charming home at Queen's Park. Never did I so realize the beauty of home-life as during that little visit with this ideally wedded couple and their six beautiful children. One regrets the limitations that good taste puts upon one's expression of one's thoughts and opinions concerning friends, for I cannot say all that I think and feel as to the relations of loving confidence and mutual trust between father, mother and children.

As we gathered in the study after dinner, Mr. Howland said:—

'Now children, we must study our Sunday lesson. Who would be Matthew Henry?"

'I will' said one.

'And I will be Barnes,' said another.

'May I be Sunday School Times?'

'Yes, dearie.'

'And may I find passages in the Concordance?'

'Yes, and Fraulein will be the Westminster Teacher. Now then, are we ready?'

Taking his seat at the desk, with Bible, pencil and paper, baby on his knee, and a beautiful little boy of three years of age standing on the chair behind him, with both arms around his father's neck, he read the first verse of the appointed lesson, and proceeded to draw from the children their own ideas with reference to the meaning of the passages. 'Now, Matthew Henry,' said he 'let us hear what you have to say about this verse.' One of the children, seated on a stool at his feet, with a huge commentary, read aloud, while he made a note of any point of special interest. 'Barnes,' the Times, and the Westminster Teacher, were then called upon in turn for their opinions; while now and then a bright, interesting story was told to illustrate the case in point and fasten it upon the minds of the children.

A pleasant, profitable evening was thus spent in the study of the Word.

Early Sunday morning we were awakened by the patter of little feet in the hall, and merry childish voices calling—'Father, may we come in?' 'We've got ever so many kisses, and a bootiful text for papa,' chimed in the baby.

'Come in, come in, you dear "bootiful" children. Let us have baby's kiss and baby's text first.' Sweeter than the sweetest music were the words lisped by baby lips—'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits who crowneth thee with lovely kindness and tender mercies.'

'That's beautiful, little one. Now, dear, have you a message for father this morning?'

'Yes, but I want to whisper it in your ear, for it is a secret—"Unto us who believe," she said softly, "He is precious."

'Yes, darling, He is, indeed.'

An hour later, parents, children, governess and servants, gathered in the study for worship. If one may judge from the bright, happy faces which greeted one, family worship was not regarded as a solemn duty to be performed religiously every morning, but rather as a blessed privilege in which all participated. An appropriate hymn was chosen by the children, one of whom presided at the organ. A portion of Scripture was then read, each one taking a verse in turn, which was commented upon by Mr. Howland, after which he led in prayer. What a prayer! It was no whining supplication—no formal petitioning of a divine majesty. Coming as he did, from the presence chamber of the King, with whom he always spent an hour or two alone in worship and communion early in the morning before meeting with his family, his whole soul seemed aglow with spiritual ecstasy, and we listened to words which led us step by step to the very gates of heaven.

MR. W. H. HOWLAND.

Breakfast over, we hurriedly prepared for a three mile walk to the Mercer Reformatory, where for years Mr. Howland has had the supervision of a flourishing Sunday School. It was a delightful morning for an Emmaus walk, and the distance was none too long.

In the chapel we found upwards of two hundred women and girls from all parts of the province. The very sight of him as he entered brought a ray of light into dark and hardened faces. After Sunday School the Central Prison was visited, and a short pointed Gospel address was given in the power of the Holy Ghost to several hundred convicts. Like His Master, Mr. Howland was a friend of publicans and sinners; a wicked and ruined manhood as well as a fallen and blighted womanhood found in him a large-hearted, sympathetic brother, ready to take them by the hand and lift them up into a life of purity.

His regular Sunday Bible Class in the Central Mission Hall, at 3 p.m., was next on the programme.

Long before the hour of meeting, fully three hundred had gathered in the hall. The front seats were occupied by the inmates of the Old Women's Home, which he was instrumental in establishing. Just before the platform were three invalid's chairs, which had been wheeled into the hall, while in the audience could be seen several colored people, two Chinamen, in fact all sorts and conditions of men, women and children. It was a wonderful sight.

The blessed work carried on in connection with this class is best described in Mr. Howland's own words: 'Last Sunday was one long-to-be-remembered. The blessing was a very sweet one, for Jesus Himself was there, and with heart and soul the beautiful hymn was sung on our knees.

Reign, Master, Jesus, reign.'

At the last verse—

'I never know such love before,
Saying, 'Go in peace and sin no more.'

a poor, tired, darkened soul stretched forth the arms of faith, saying, 'That's for me,' and immediately the great, loving arms encircled him, and the 'peace which passeth all understanding' filled his soul, God speaking with him face to face. None around him knew of it, or saw the Father's joy in clasping the 'lost one found,' but the courts of heaven echoed and re-echoed the joyful peal, and Jesus saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied.

Do you ask if the real differed from the ideal? Or if the seven years which have since elapsed have changed, in any measure, those early impressions? I would say no; it has only served to deepen them, so that no words of mine can tell all that I feel with reference to the splendor of that man's life and work.

It was a life and work which made itself felt throughout the whole of our social system, for it went out in a spirit of Christ-like self-sacrifice to save and to bless men, women and children without reference to social, denominational or national distinction.

'One of the grandest monuments to his public spirited benevolence, says *The Globe*, is the Industrial School at Mimico, in the establishment of which he was not only the prime mover, but the very life and soul of its existence.'

He was instrumental in founding the Toronto Mission Union, with a view of reaching, with the Gospel, the unreached masses. He was also one of the founders of the Prisoners' Aid Association, and though he threw his whole heart and soul into every movement which had for its object the alleviation of the woes of the unfortunate, he was not content with a philanthropy which picks up the victims as they fly broken from the wheel of oppression, but he puts forth every effort to stop the wheel itself.

He so aroused public sentiment through his lectures on 'Neglected Children,' that at the last session of the Ontario Legislature, an Act was passed for the prevention of cruelty to and the better protection of children, and the Children's Aid Society was organized and incorporated.

For several years as President of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance, he has thrown his energies into the Prohibition movement, and as a result of the pressure brought to bear upon the Mowat Government by that organization, it was finally decided to take a Plebiscite on January 1st.

Thus in patient continuous labor has he served his God, his home and his native land; through good report and evil report, (for he has had his share of adverse criticism resulting from the prejudice of ignorance) until 'One whom having not seen he loved,' beckoned to him from the glory, and we could almost hear the 'Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

We miss a dear face
From its wonted place,
And our hearts are full of sadness;
But looking above,
To the God we love,
The sorrow is chang'd to gladness.

For we know that there,
In that purer air—
The home of our Heavenly Father
Is the one we miss,
In that land of bliss,
Where the angels love to gather.

We'll not repine,
But our hearts incline,
The steps of the lov'd one to follow;
Then let the years pass,
Like sands in a glass,
Or sighing winds over the hollow.

Oh! we yet shall meet
On the golden street,
And never *again* shall we sever;
Earth's troubles all past,
In our haven at last,
With fulness of joy for ever.

'WITH A ROARING FIRE IN THE STOVE.

THE NICEST KIND OF A PARTY.

Yes, it is all over now. The Christmas-tree has been decked and rifled, the Christmas pudding stoned and eaten, the snapdragon lit and scrambled for by troops of merry youngsters. All the fun of the fair is over. But it is only for a time; for despite what the would-be cynics say of the decline of Christmas, and the folly of old customs, we know that the loveliest of all our holidays will never be forgotten while boys and girls, and homes exist.

I have taken my share of the festivities, of course. I have stirred three puddings, and assured myself of at least six 'happy months' by partaking of a mince-pie at the houses of six different friends. I have been to a merry family-gathering, and pulled innumerable crackers. And I have danced the New Year in. And while this year is still a happy baby, what grand resolutions we are all making! We intend to be so industrious, and work so hard, and not give ourselves half so many holidays as last year. Boys and girls have settled steadily down to lessons, and are planning to carry off each a midsummer prize; and although our laudable resolutions may be fated to be upset, we start with the very best intentions of keeping every one of them—and that's a great thing, you know.

The very nicest party I have been to this winter, took place at Christmas time, in a large school room belonging to two young relatives of mine. I was invited to their grand schoolroom dinner, which was an exciting entertainment if only from the fact that the whole of it was cooked upon the tiny stove made by the elder brother of my two young cousins—a youth of sixteen, with wonderful constructing capabilities. He is, indeed, a clever boy, and deserves a special notice, although his mechanical mind is a cause of some little anxiety to his fond parents. You see, he wants to make everything go by steam or clockwork. The mangle and knife-grinder, his mother's sewing-machine, and the rocking-horse in the nursery have all been 'improved,' as he said. The mangle was a complete success for two days, for the young engineer made a beautiful steam-engine to drive it. Then a dreadful thing happened; it blew up—the engine, I mean—and the rest of the household nearly followed its example. This was a little discouraging, and calculated to create a nervous feeling in the family with regard to future experiments. But the rocking-horse and sewing-machine were made to go on different principles. They were driven by clockwork, and the only difficulty that arose then was that, when once started, they couldn't be stopped; and the rocking-horse pranced for a whole day, and the sewing-machine whirled round for three, without one halt. It became a trifle wearying, as it was not what could be called 'silent' clockwork

Still, with all these little failures, the miniature stove made by the aspiring mechanic is in every way a success, and burns real wood and coal, and cooks real things, as you will hear. To the stove is attached a set of cooking utensils, tiny saucepans and frying pans, and, best of all, a little copper kettle, all manufactured by my young kinsman's clever fingers. Oh, the pleasure that has been extracted from this pigmy stove! Rainy half-holidays are generally given over to the cooking of a feast; but, of course, at Christmas time something special was desired, and a menu of many dishes was drawn out. Here it is:—

Clear soup.
Cod and Oyster sauce.
Brussels sprouts. Turkey. Potato snow.
Plum pudding.
Mince pies. Custards in glasses.
Apple cream.
Dessert.

I was allowed to be present, and assist at the preparation of the dinner, and I will try and tell you a little of how we managed.

Clear soup; well, that we *did* get from cook, but it was *not* quite prepared, and we thickened it with a pinch of corn-flour, and found it beautiful. Codfish and oyster sauce—a big sprat made a truly handsome dish, and one oyster mixed up was ample for the sauce. Turkey—yes, we had one. A plump lark, stuffed quite in the orthodox way, and roasted in our stove's real oven, made a noble turkey. The plum pudding was a little bit of the family one, boiled in a tiny basin; but the custards and apple cream were prepared by us. You can imagine how exciting it was when, with a roaring fire in the stove, we watched the turkey roasting, and the fish and pudding boiling merrily away; then when the moment came to 'dish-up,' expectation reached its highest pitch. We were so frightened for fear anything might turn out a 'failure.' But it didn't; and when the bell was rung, and the rest of the family trooped in to view our labors, we were proud, I can tell you. We arranged the banquet on a small table we rigged up on the very big one in the schoolroom, and everything was set out and served on the beautiful miniature dinner-service owned by my small cousins. We spent a long time over our table decorations—and very charming the effect was too. A strip of pale yellow silk ran down the centre of the table; tiny bouquets of scarlet geraniums were dotted here and there, while the whole was lit up by colored candles in silver candelabra borrowed from the dolls' house.

During the dinner, of which we all partook with a solemnity that was very impressive, toasts were proposed and drunk to the health of the 'maker of the stove' and the 'promoters of the banquet,' and it was suggested and carried with unanimous applause that every birthday in the family should be made the occasion of such another banquet. I must not forget to tell you that our dessert was crowned with a box of crackers—tiny bon-bons manufactured by my little cousins, and filled with sweets and a motto. This gave a realistic touch to our Christmas dinner, especially when we pulled them.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

A CUNNING SCHEME.

'I'll send her a valentine,' quoth he,
'And only Mabel shall know it's me;
I'll pop it into the box at night,
When there isn't a single soul in sight.'

'I'll wrote on the envelope,' quoth he,
''Most any one of them might know 'twas me.
So never a word outside I'll write,
But I'll keep the address blank and white.'

'I'll send her a valentine,' quoth he,
'And dear little Mabel will know it's me;
But won't the postman be wild to know
Just who had the wit to fool him so!'

THE STORY OF A NEW DRESS.

'Are you going to have two puffs on your skirt, or only one? This question Mrs. Baker called out from the sewing-room, as her young daughter flitted by.

'Why, two, of course.'

'It is a good deal of work,' Mrs. Baker said, and she sighed.

'I know that; but when one has a nice dress, why, one wants it made nicely.'

From the sewing-room came the sound of Miss Wheeler's voice, singing softly:—

'Heavenly Father, I would wear
Angel garments, white and fair.'

'Miss Wheeler,' called Cornie, 'you think it ought to be made with two puffs, don't you?'

'I don't know. I haven't thought about it. Do you want me to think?'

Cornie came and stood in the door and looked at her in a surprised sort of way. 'Don't you think about your sewing when you are doing it?' she asked.

'Well, not more than I have to in order to do it well. It would be hard work to think about clothes all the time, you know. But about the puffs—that is the way most people think they must have them.'

They went into the front room. Mrs. Baker and Cornie talked it over, and all the time came that humming voice from the other room:—

'Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rags 'twould hide,'

She has rather a sweet voice,' Cornie said. 'Mother, I believe I shall have to get some more silk for this sash; it isn't going to be heavy enough. I want it to wear over my white dress, you know, and it ought to be rich for that. Susie Grahame thinks she has the very grandest suit in town, but I suppose there can be things made to look as well as hers.' And Miss Wheeler sang:—

'Let me wear the white robes here,
Even on earth, my Father dear,
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unspotted go.'

Cornie shivered a little. 'How she does harp on that hymn,' she said nervously; 'I wish she wouldn't, I'm tired of it.'

'Can't you let the poor thing sing?' her mother said. 'It's all the comfort she has.'

'She might sing something besides that one hymn!' Cornie said. But she didn't, she seemed to delight in that; and she sang it over and over, especially those two lines:—

'Let me wear the white robes here,
Even on earth, my Father dear.'

At last Cornie went and stood in the door again. 'Do you like that hymn better than any other in the world,' she asked, 'that you sing it so much?'

Miss Wheeler looked up brightly. She had an old, rather faded face, but a wonderfully pleasant mouth and smiling eyes.

'Oh!' she said; 'I didn't realize that I was singing loud enough to be heard. Yes, I do like that hymn wonderfully well. I sing it a great deal. It is natural that I should, you know, as it is all about dress, and I have so much to do with dresses.'

Cornie laughed a little. 'Not much to do with that kind of dress, I should say. The sort that you have to sew on is mostly the "worthless rags," I should think. You see you have sung it so much that I have caught some of the words.'

'It was this white dress of yours that made me think of it to-day,' the little seamstress said. 'It is so pretty, and I was thinking how much I liked white, and then, naturally, that made me think of my own white dress, and I began singing about it before I thought.'

'It is not much like mine,' Cornie said, with a little sigh, 'Mine is all spotted up with the world even before it is made. I wish the world wasn't so full of dress, Miss Wheeler. Sometimes I am tired of it, and I should think you would hate it.'

I like dress ever so much,' Miss Wheeler said, softly. 'I am never tired of thinking about it. "Clean linen, pure and white." I always did like white linen.'

Cornie stood looking at her in silent wonder for a few minutes, then she went away, out of the dress-bestrewn rooms, downstairs to the parlor, and turning over the leaves of the hymn-book on the piano she found the words:—

'Heavenly Father, I would wear,
Angel garments, white and fair,'

and read them carefully through. Upstairs in the sewing-room Miss Wheeler stopped her singing and sewed away steadily, with a little shadow on her face. 'That's just like me,' she murmured at last. 'I am always singing, but I never seem ready to speak a word for Jesus. Why couldn't I have asked her how she was getting on with her other white dress that the hymn tells about? The poor lamb may need a word of comfort that even I could speak.'

'Cornie Baker,' some of the girls said to her, months afterward, 'how came you to take such a sudden and decided stand; be so different, you know, from what you were before? You have been a Christian this long, time, but not such a one as you are now.

Cornie was still for a minute, then she looked up with eager, smiling eyes: 'I found my help in the sewing-room among my new dresses,' she said brightly.

'What a queer place to find help in!' one of them said.

Cornie then told them the story of the little seamstress, and her hymn about dress, that she sang over and over, speaking her name with a tender voice and a tear in her eye. But the little seamstress knew nothing about it.—*The Pansy.*

A DREADFUL POSSIBILITY.

BY JESSIE B. SHERMAN.

Molly stood beside the shore,
When the sun was setting,
Saw him drop into the sea—
Feared he'd get a wetting.

'Nursey, dear!' she cried, distressed,
'Can't we help him out?
Some big fish will come along
And swallow him, no doubt,

'Then to-morrow morning
How ever shall we see?
We'd have to dress by candle-light
And breakfast would be tea!'

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The spring is for loving,
No sign of it yet!
Oh, glad hearts, be moving.
She does not forget!
She whispers a secret
For snowdrops to hear,
But they cannot keep it—
Do you hold it, dear?

The spring has her heralds
Preparing her way:
The gorse and the daisies
Have something to say;
And soft are the whispers
Of love in the air,
Like fancies at vespers,
Like a smile in a prayer.

The gardens of mosses,
The catkins and bosses,
The chocolate woods,
And the birds' merry moods—
Yea, all things declare it
(Oh, hasten to share it!);
The springtide is neat,
And the love-time is here.

The winter is over!
Soon the sun and the rain
The landscape will cover
With blossoms again,
The old earth is ready
For laughter and song.
Oh, young hearts, keep steady
Though the waiting be long.

For life is too dreary,
If love be not there.
And all hearts are weary,
And all worlds are bare
But grey skies are lighted
When love creates bliss,
And troth that is plighted
No sunshine can miss.

The spring is for loving.
Oh, young hearts, be moving;
Joy comes with bright weather,
Go, meet it together;
Love only can find it,
Love only can bind it,
And the springtide is near,
And the love-time is here!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

A FINANCIAL EXPERIMENT.

BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

'Some crackers and cheese, if you please,' said the agent, as she came up to the little fly-specked counter of a small store in the suburbs of the town which she was canvassing—a river town in the West, having its full quota of foreign inhabitants.

'How many pounds, mem?'

'Pounds! oh, none at all. Only a little of each for my lunch.'

'Vell den, de leetle gal, she vaits on you while I goes to mine dinner.' The broad smile faded into disappointment on the ruddy German face as its owner lumbered away toward the door which led to the upper regions. Customers were not too plenty in that quiet vicinity. A small girl, perhaps nine or ten years old, took his place behind the counter. She was a weazened, ferret-faced little thing, with sharp eyes which seemed to piece and turn into your thought like a cork-screw. There was calculation and shrewdness in every line of her thin nose and lips, and a singularly unchildlike expression upon her face—the face of a little, old, miserly woman, set upon a child's shoulders. There was nothing young about her save a pink pinafore, several inches too short, and the braided tail of flaxen hair, tied with a skimpy blue ribbon, which hung down her back.

'How much is the cheese?' asked the agent as the sharp girl stood by the cheese case, knife in hand. She was an elderly, motherly person, footsore and weary with travel, yet she was watching this small development of character with much interest.

'Sixteen cents a pound, ma'am, half a pound will be eight cents.'

'But couldn't you put me up a lunch—a little of cheese, pickles, crackers and cookies,' said the agent. 'I have no room in my bag for leavings, and I could never finish a half pound of cheese at one meal, you know.'

'Oh, no,' replied the child. 'We never cut less'n five cents worth o' cheese, and I don't sell nothin' unless I can weigh it and know just what it's worth.'

The agent could not help smiling as the small financier carefully weighed the trifling bits of food, making sure each time that the balance of weight was not a crumb too much in favor of the customer, and carefully carrying the half cent to her own credit with a skill which a Shylock might envy.

'You can set here and eat it if you want to,' she added magnanimously, after she had rung the quarter on the counter and given back the change, making sure that the two cent piece with a hole was among it.

'I suppose you have a good many customers here,' remarked the agent, by way of making talk as she sat on a pickle keg, not the most restful seat for a weary body, but the best which the small saleswoman had seen fit to offer her.

'Yes, we have a good many.'

'And you have a nice, quiet location and no saloons to trouble you.'

'I wish there was,' said the child eagerly. 'I wish there was one right over there,' pointing with her elfish finger to a vacant lot across the street. 'A saloon would make business livelier, you know.'

'No, I don't know,' replied the agent earnestly. 'The people who have money to buy food of you now, would go there and spend it for beer.'

'Oh, no, ma'am. It's just the other way. Lots of folks would go there to buy beer, and then come over and trade with us.'

'But even if it were so, would you be willing to have the wicked liquor going into people's homes and making drunkards? Would you like to be a drunkard's child?'

'No;' the speculative light died out a trifle from the little, old face, 'but then my pa knows when to stop—every man ought to know.'

'When men get where they feel the necessity for stopping, they are oftentimes where they cannot,' returned the agent earnestly. It was a shock to her honest, motherly heart to hear such uncanny wisdom from the lips of a child.

'Oh, pshaw!' the flaxen head tossed disdainfully, 'men can stop drinking when they want to, my pa says so.'

The customer turned the subject. 'Can you give me a drink of water?'

'Yes'm;' then, with an adroit eye to further business, 'We've got some lemonade under the counter.'

'But I prefer water.'

The child's face fell. They had not yet set a price on that commodity, and she watched with a half grudging air while the agent drank some very warm, insipid water from a battered tin cup with a hole in the side.

'Thank you, my little girl,' she said, as she returned the cup and brushed the crumbs from her neat walking suit. 'Here is a little book for you to read when I am gone,' and she placed a temperance tract in the small, grasping hand.

Hans, the father, came down the stairs a few moments later picking his teeth with a satisfied smile. 'Vell, Katrine, did you vait on te lady some more?'

'Yes, pa. She didn't want nothin' but little things, but I got the half cent every time.'

'Haw-haw-haw,' roared the proud father delightedly. 'Dot vas my own sharp leetle gal. You will make a goot merchant sometime alretty.'

'And she says it wouldn't be good for us to have a saloon near by us, and she gave me this little book.'

'She vas one of dose temperance cranks, Katrine. I'll pet you put some fleas in her ears some more, hey!'

'I told her what you said, pa. Did ma keep my dinner warm?'

'Yaw, Katrine. You runs right along and eats it now.'

In course of time the vigilant eyes of a saloon-keeper espied the quiet spot where his business was not represented—a community of simple working people who had hitherto managed to exist on coffee, tea and even water as a beverage, in place of salubrious beer, and naturally his philanthropic heart ached for them, and he straightway set about relieving their condition.

Katrine and her father watched with lively interest the cheap board structure going up over the way. 'It makes peesness good some more,' the father said, rubbing his hands joyfully.

'And some day you'll buy me a piano, won't you, fader?'

'Yaw, Katrine, just so soon as peesness comes lifely you shall have him, for you pees one goot girl; you helps me mit mine vork.'

There was a grand display when the saloon was formally opened for business—a free lunch and free beer to all who came. The saloon-keeper also had a daughter, a bold, saucy girl of sixteen, who waited upon customers in a costume as loud as her voice.

Katrine and her father went over to welcome the new-comers.

'Dot vas goot—a goot-lookin' girl behint der counter helps peesness,' said Hans with a wink at the saloon-keeper.

'Mine leetle gal here is petter as two clerks; she's a sharp leetle voman, Katrine pees.'

'Is dot so. You see to it that she gets not ahead of you, Gretchen,' said the saloon-keeper, smiling broadly. 'We'll try and keep business brisk between us, neighbor.'

New brooms sweep clean. The saloon started upon a cash basis. 'I wants no man to drink my beer that's too poor to pay for it. I don't take no bread from wives and lettle childrens, as tem temperance cranks say,' he announced pompously, and so it came to pass that nickels and dimes dropped freely into his till however long the credit bill might be in other quarters. It was remarkable how many men's stomachs needed toning up in that vicinity; the very smell of the stuff from the outside seemed to create an aching void which nothing but beer could satisfy, and business was certainly lively on that side of the street.

It has never been necessary for the police to patrol that quiet locality before, but there were some whose aching void, when well moistened with beer, became a fulness which could only be relieved by having a fight with somebody, and the patrol waggon, the star and billy became a familiar sight, and things generally grew livelier every day.

There were more washings being done by women whose husbands had formerly supported their families without the aid of the mother's earnings, and girls were going out to work who had heretofore been able to stay in their own homes and go to school.

The deadly suckers of the octopus were reaching out in every direction, and mothers began to dread seeing their young sons come home with the flush of intoxicants upon their faces, and the smell of tobacco in their clothing; wives whose husbands had been sober, industrious citizens began to tremble with fear of the saloon influence.

The industry of patching and darning also became brisker than ever before, as mothers strove to keep their loved ones decently whole while the saloon till encroached upon the family income.

Business was certainly brisk in more ways than one; the influence of the increased activity was being felt at the little store across the way, though not in just the direction the proprietor had calculated. As the saloon till filled, his credit book filled also, and families which had done a safe cash business with him before the saloon came, were forced to beg for credit to keep from starving.

Men who had ordered formerly a sack of flour and a dollar's worth of sugar, bought a little meal and a pitcher of molasses, if they were obliged to pay cash, and scolded roundly the capatalists 'the monopolists who are ruining the country and grinding the face of the poor.'

The rubicund face of Hans grew longer from day to day, and he puzzled over financial questions and studied his long credit accounts disconsolately.

'I must get me some money's some more, or te sheriff closes up mine peesness alretty,' he said one day, as he saw his neighbor's wife and daughter stepping into a new carriage for a drive. 'It must pe I makes some mistakes, either a man must keep some saloon himself, or else keep just as far away from it as he can when he makes moneys.

Even sharp-eyed Katrine began to mistrust that there was an error in the calculation somewhere, and to look wistfully at the prosperous family over the way.

'I thought, pa, that we was agoin' to have lots more business when we got a saloon here,' she said one day, as she watched the unloading of a piano, which had been bought for the bold-faced daughter of the bar.

'I tought so, too, mine Katrine,' replied her father, despondently, 'but I tinks we makes some mistakes mit dot saloon. Dot agent vomans, she vas pritty near right after all. We seems to be supportin' dose community all around dere, while dot saloon takes all dere money. Dey buys new pianos an' carriages, while we blays der mouth organ and goes afoot.'

Hans was not alone in his experience, and if any other financier entertains the same idea of commercial prosperity he would better satisfy himself by doing business for a while in a locality where beer from the cash saloon is a necessity, and food and clothing, the luxuries of life, to be paid for when convenient.—*Union Signal.*

CIGARS AND A HOME.

It is true that a man who is foolish enough to become a smoker is usually weak enough to pay more regard to his comrades' sneers and his own pleasures than to the wisdom and experience of all the world. Nevertheless, all young men should know that such a shrewd and successful man as Chauncey M. Depew declares that his success in life is due in grea' measure to his firmness in breaking off the habit of smoking. He used to be an arden' devotee of the weed, but when he found that he must choose between tobacco and brain, he bade an eternal good-bye to the former. Another successful New Yorker who gives similar testimony is Mr. Luther Prescott Hubbard. This successful man of Wall street chewed and smoked when a mere lad. The advice of a dear friend constrained him to break off the habit. Just after he had passed his eighty-fifth year Mr. Hubbard printed and circulated a little tract, copies of which should be given to every young man in the land. Its title is, 'How a Smoker Got a Home.' In it Mr. Hubbard tells how he used to smoke only six cigars a day, fewer than many smokers indulge in. These cost him six and a fourth cents each, or $136.50 a year. After breaking off the habit Mr. Hubbard laid by that amount, and at seven percent interest it amounted, during his sixty-one years of abstinence, to the neat little sum of $118,924.26. From this sum Mr. Hubbard educated his children, and gave liberally to benevolent objects. In the early years of his saving from this source, moreover, he accumulated enough money to buy him a comfortable home.—*Golden Rule.*

ECONOMIZE THE HOURS.

It is wonderful to see how many hours prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest will all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. 'My father taught me,' was the reply, 'when I had anything to do, to go and do it.' There is the secret—the magic word now!

ONE TO FIVE MILLION.

When the total statistics of missions are submitted to hearers, one gets the notion that the laborers are many rather than few. But let the number be placed side by side with the populations to whom they are sent and the impression is very different. China has one to 733,000 of population; Siam, one to 600,000; Corea, one to 500,000; India, one to 350,000; Africa, one to 300,000. In Central Africa and the Soudan the proportion is one to each 5,000,000 of people. What are these among so many? Like the five barley loaves, they must be multiplied to supply the needs of the hungry multitude.

MAIDIE AND NED.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

'We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves,' Maidie repeated fluently at family worship.

In had been a custom in the family ever since Maidie had been old enough to memorize the words, for her to learn the Golden Text for the coming Sunday upon the previous Sunday afternoon, in that delightful hour that she always spent with her mother, and then to repeat it at family worship every morning, thus not only impressing it more firmly upon her memory, but helping to keep its teachings before her all the week.

Sometimes the texts seemed to fit into her everyday girlish life, so that she could not forget them nor set them aside, and this bright October morning, as the words fell from her lips, she wondered whether that very day might not bring her an opportunity to give up her own pleasure for the sake of another, and thus weave a little thread of gold into her day's work.

She would be very ready to do it, she fancied, as she started off to school, for Maidie was kind hearted, and it was not as much of a self-denial to her as it was to many another of her girlish friends to do a kind deed when the opportunity came.

On the contrary she really enjoyed an opportunity to help others, not only for the sake of the gratitude expressed, but for the sake of knowing that she had lightened another's burden.

To-day, however, her opportunity came in a way that she would not have chosen if she could have foreseen it. Just when school had been dismissed, and the girls were flocking out into the sunshine, old black Nancy came hobbling past, carrying with evident pain a basket of laundried clothes which she was taking home. She stood back and let the girls pass her, leaning against the fence and breathing heavily with her exertions.

Maidie had lingered by the teacher's desk, waiting for an explanation of a problem in her algebra that had puzzled her, so when at last she thrust her book into her school bag and started out, she found that she should have to hurry to overtake the other girls, or else she must walk home alone, and Maidie was too sociable in her nature to like to go home alone when she could have so much company.

She had gone but a few steps when she overtook old Nancy, who had begun her journey again, dragging the basket as if each moment it was increasing in weight. Nancy had often worked for Maidie's mother, so the young girl felt very well acquainted with the old woman and always had a kindly greeting for her.

'Why, Nancy, what makes you so lame to-day?' she asked. 'You look as if you couldn't carry that basket another step.'

'It's the misery in my back again,' groaned old Nancy. 'It seems as if I couldn't hardly step, let alone take these clothes home; but I promised to get them up to Mrs. Judge Davis' by four o'clock, and she's dreadful particular, you know.'

Maidie hesitated. Here surely was a royal chance for service, but how could she bring herself to help old Nancy with her basket along the main street of the village. Pride whispered to her that people would laugh, or else would say that she was doing it for effect. It was hard work to say brightly.

'I'll help you with it, Nancy. It isn't heavy for me, for my back is good and strong, and I will go to the gate with you, and see you safely there.'

''Deed I couldn't let you do no such thing for sure, Miss Maidie,' exclaimed old Nancy, whose face had brightened considerably nevertheless when the strong young hands lightened her load.

But protestations were of no avail, and so the oddly assorted pair started up the street, Maidie congratulating herself that the other girls were well in advance. Presently she heard the sound of wheels, and glancing behind her she groaned inwardly. Ned Lawrence was driving up the street in his new yellow buckboard, and in a moment he would pass them and recognize her. She was not exactly ashamed, but she would so much rather he would not see her. Somehow all the girls cared a good deal about Ned's opinion; and the fact that he was very fastidious in his tastes, and thought that his dignified, stately mother was perfection in the way of womanhood, made all his girl friends shrink from doing anything that might seem rude or unladylike before him.

Maidie's cheeks grew rosy red as the wheels came nearer, and she resolved not to look around, but Ned drove up by the sidewalk, and jumped out with the lines in his hand.

'Can't I be of some use?' he asked. 'Let me help with the basket. I can do it ever so much better than you can, Miss Maidie, because I have my buckboard here, you see. Where are the clothes to go?'

Old Nancy explained, and when Ned found that as long as the clothes arrived there safely she did not need to accompany them, he made the old woman's heart glad by swinging the basket into the back of the buckboard and securing it with a strap, while he insisted upon Maidie's accompanying him to the house of Mrs. Judge Davis to see that he did his errand properly.

More than one of the girls envied Maidie as she rode past them, and they were much puzzled to know what could be in the basket that was evidently of such importance.

'I feel honored indeed,' Mrs. Davis said as Ned asked to see her, and explained his errand. 'I am glad, too, to see that we have young people in our village who are so willing to help any one in need. It reproves me, for I might have sent down for the clothes if I had been as thoughtful as you have proved yourselves to be.'

'Do you mind me asking you something?' Ned asked as he drew up his horse before Maidie's home.

'No,' Maidie answered.

'How did you come to think of helping the poor old body? Most girls wouldn't have done it.'

A pink flush stole into Maidie's cheeks and she hesitated. Then she looked up bravely.

'Do you know what the Golden Text for next Sunday is?' she asked in her turn.

'No,' he answered.

'That will explain it then. Look and see when you go home,' she answered.

It was with a thoughtful face that Ned turned over the leaves of his Bible and read the text.

You know boys don't always put their resolves into words, nor talk about the things they care most about, but I am quite safe in telling you that the words found a place in Ned's heart from which they were never dislodged. It was a noble and grand thing to use his strength to help those who were weak. It was manliness in the true sense of the word, and Ned meant to be a manly boy, and so it happened that just as a pebble thrown into the water makes widening circles whose outside limit we sometimes cannot see, so Maidie's example of helpfulness, and her brave effort to bear the infirmities of the weak were the first impulse towards the consecration which Ned made of himself later on, when he recognized the beauty of the Example he was trying to follow in pleasing not himself.—*Christian at Work.*

A LESSON FROM A MONKEY.

BY EDWARD CARSWELL

Everybody loved 'Aunt Jane,' as Mrs. Town was called by many in the village. Many of the children knew her by no other name, and they all loved her because she loved them, for 'love begets love.' She had a beautiful home. Every Wednesday afternoon the children met in her sitting-room, and had a Temperance-school. One afternoon she was waiting for the children. She had selected the pieces they were to sing, and had laid the book and her glasses on the window-sill. Then she dozed off to sleep in her easy-chair, with her back to the window. Outside, a street organ was playing 'Grandfather's Clock,' so you see it was an old organ. If it had been a new one it would have been playing 'Annie Rooney,' which would have awakened Aunt Jane, and she would have closed the window quickly. As it was, the old tune made her dream she was a girl again in her father's orchard, listening to a robin that was singing 'Grandfather's Clock.'

Then she awakened with a start, gave one wild look at the window, and with a shriek bounded to the other side of the room. And no wonder, for there on the window-sill sat what looked like an ugly, shrivelled-up little old man, with hair all over his face, and little twinkling eyes. He had put on Aunt Jane's glasses, and was looking into the song-book, as if about to give out a hymn. The children rushed in, and they and Aunt Jane began to laugh, for they saw it was only a monkey belonging to the organ man. They were soon on friendly terms, and when a little boy gave it a piece of apple, the monkey took off his cap and bowed, which made the children laugh. It wore a belt, to which was attached a long cord, and every time the monkey was given a piece of money, the man at the organ would jerk the cord until the monkey brought it to him.

'I wouldn't like to be a monkey, and have to take everything I got to a man at the organ, and not keep anything for myself,' said a little boy.

'We will take the little fellow for our lesson this afternoon,' said Aunt Jane; 'but first let me tell you that the aldermen have prohibited the organ-grinders of New York City. Now, you think this poor little animal has a hard life of it and needs sympathy: perhaps it does, but it is cared for and fed by the man who owns it, and has protection, food, and bed in return for what it earns.

'But what would you say of a man or boy who would fasten a cord about himself and let another man hold the other end, who would take from him all the money he could beg or earn whenever the cord was pulled, and getting nothing worth having in return; but when he had given up everything, his money, clothing, furniture, happiness, health, then to be kicked out into cold by the other man because he had nothing more to give?'

'Oh, Aunt Jane, you don't mean real men,' said a little girl. 'No man would be so silly as that.'

'Course not,' said a boy. 'Why even little boys couldn't be fooled like that.'

'I'd cut the rope with my knife, and run like sixty,' said another.

'Yes,' said Aunt Jane, 'I mean real men; some of the bright young men I have known have acted just this way. The cord is the appetite for strong drink. At first it is only like a thread, and could be easily broken. When you speak of danger, young men are apt to laugh, and say they can break it whenever they please; but if they go when the thread is pulled, it soon becomes like twine, then a rope, and at last a chain which drags the victim to the saloon whenever he has a nickle. There are a hundred men and women begging for money to take to the men at the other end of the line in the saloon, where there is one monkey begging pennies to take to the organ-grinder. And yet if you were to ask the aldermen to prohibit the saloons they would laugh at you, and call you a crank. Now, all this seems very strange, does it not?'

'I should think it did,' said one.

'But why is it?' asked another.

'I do not know,' replied Aunt Jane.

'I think I do,' said a big boy, whose father was a politician. 'Women, organ-grinders and monkeys can't vote, and saloon-keepers can, and they can get lots of other votes by jerking the same cord.'

'Well,' said Aunt Jane, 'let us see that none of us are caught. Remember the cider is thread, lager-beer and wine are the twine, whiskey the rope, and brandy, rum, and all other drinks are the links that form the chain. All you who are determined to keep clear of even the thread as long as you live, hold up your hands.' And up went every hand.—*Nat. Temp. Society Leaflet.*

WM. H. HOWLAND.

Honored and courted, flattered and caressed,
He sat in Pleasure's perfumed banquet hall,
Some touch of sanity divinely given
Illum'd his eyes, and he beheld the Truth—
Not that his spirit instant shrank and soured.
Or that the smile died sadly on his lips—
A new and higher happiness indeed
Beamed in his face, for now he truly saw
And truly measured unreal things of time
'Gainst the eternal verities beyond.
Then sprang the Man within his soul to life—
Immediately conferring not with flesh and blood.
He cried, 'My life from this day forth for Christ,
My hand, my heart, my labor for this poor!
And so he lived and died—and so to-day
While church and city, trade and public guild,
Whose several cause he served right earnestly
In sad procession bear him to the tomb,
The anguished sob of Poverty and Want
Moves all our hearts—his dearest requiem!

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